
Title: The Seraphims' History.

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-- Part One --

Much has to be said
for the preservice of
History, and Records, of
the land. Amongst the
many great heroes, and
villains of this realm,
there are many deeds
great and small. Some
have vast impacts on the
realm, others, not as
significant. As such, the
History and Records of
the lesser known are of
significant importance as
well, as their impact, and
influence on the events
of this time. It has been
deemed to me, to record
the History of the
Seraphims.

The first Seraphim to
come to Britain was an
aspiring young mage-to-be,
named Rohan Seraphim.
The times were harder
then in those days, and
much toil went for little
reknown, and even less
gold in the pocket.
Magery, as such, was an
expensive profession, and
Rohan found it necessary
to take up arms as a
mainline defense against
the perils of the world.
Over time, his warrior
skills grew adeptly, and
his mage skills became
less and less practiced. It
was about this time he
came upon a new
traveller to the realm,
and hence began a
friendship, that would
change the waifs life
forever in this world.
Tanar'Ri was her name,

and although she was fair to look at, when she introduced Rohan to her sister Devil, Rohan became enthralled with Devil. As much time as he could spare, he spent side by side with Devil, and they explored the new world of Trammel. I say "new" world, because at this time it was a new land, akin to the world they both grew up in, but unhoused and wild still. Many hours were spent together hunting, exploring, and they became very close. During this time, Rohan's brother Terhan an archer came to the world and was to become friends with Tanar'Ri. As the time drew near to Lord British's opening of the land to housing, they were all busy preparing to build their home. It was then, in that time Devil had approached Rohan with the idea of marriage. Rohan, not one for hastiness in such matters, proclaimed that he would think on this. He wanted most of all to be secure in his skill, and the ability to provide, as he confided to me later. So, came the great day after many trials that they finally had enough to build a home, and a fine home it was! A 2 story villa in the northern lands above the Chaos shrine, to the north of the Lords roadway, set nicely on the coast of a great inland bay. The couples had found a home, and then came from afar a friend of the Seraphims. A surly man, of the scribes trade, and an aspiring alchemist, and mage Doc Anthrax, and

soon after came I.

The Seraphims being fair folk, who were interested in the people in the world they shared were apt to pick up strays who were new to the lands as they once were. That is when Rohan, in need of an aide to supply his business trade took a waif under him named Uziel, to help him. In return for Uziels services, Rohan paid for his craft skills and an adequate salary to help Uziel to build his own skill, and self-reliance. On his completion of an order, Rohan would take his new protege' out to train him in the ways of the world, and Uziel fast became an adeptly skilled hunter as well. Uziel, now confident and strong, decided he wanted to fulfill his ambitions in the world as a paladin knight, and begged leave of service. Reluctant to lose his friend, Rohan agreed. To Rohans surprise, the young lad in his earnestness and gratitude, found another to replace him. Rohan as with Uziel, made the new traveller the same offer.

Henceforth became Sam a great friend, and ally to the Seraphim clan. Sam, was eager to explore the world, and accepted the new duties beyond Rohans expectations. Always curious about the world, and full of many

questions was Sam. Which led him to excell as a student, and an archer.

As much time as Rohan could spare away from his beloved Devil, he was with Sam, or Doc or myself, instructing us on his philosophy and teaching the virtues. Whereupon, I

took it upon myself to become as he had kindly demonstrated to me, with a new foundling Sascha Kallendre. But, more of this tale later. As all were flourishing in their respective skills and trades, and life seemed to be rich with laughter, and adventures, Rohan finally agreed to wed his beloved Devil.

Terhan Seraphim, unlike his brother, was quicker to smile and jest, and in his quest to be an archer, found that he shared an interest in the forest animals he often ran across while hunting. So, he explored the world of taming, and was very pleased with the ease of which he excelled at his new-found hobby, along with a growing curiosity for wisps. It was at Terhan's suggestion that I looked more closely at those mysterious entities. It wasn't long though before Terhan had a choice to make, as was Rohan struggling with one of his own. Terhan was torn between his love of archery, and his love of taming, and there wasn't enough time (or skill) for both. Rohan had his own struggle within as well. Although mentally and physically adept at magery, he found more and more that his path was being held to weaponry. At long last he made the hard choice. The Gods seemed opposed to him being a great mage, and so, he gave up the craft to fully become a warrior, using magery only as a method of travel. So it was with great effort he transformed from mental strength to

dexterity. Terhan as well
made his choice, and
dropped his beloved
taming. Whereupon chance
had it, that I took it up.
I was a mage, and a
scribe, and although
profficient in both,
Terhans love of taming
had inspired me. As I
listened to him exclaim
his new tames, it kindled
in my imagination, a sense
of knowing I could do it.
So, there we were, Rohan
the warrior, Terhan the
archer, Doc Anthrax the
alchemist, mage, scribe,
Ian Fallenhope the mage
tamer, and Sascha
Kallendre the mysterious
pupil of Rohans and
myself. Now for Sascha's
tale. Sascha came to us,
a horrible wretch, but
her need for survival in
this world was so severe,
and Rohans stature so
trustworthy, that she
accepted our friendship.
As she confided in me
and Terhan mostly, Rohan
was unaware of her
origins, and background.
From a nice family was
she born to, but, they
had met their fate at
the hands of roving
Daemons. She was taken
as a slave, and was
raised by these foul
beasts til her captor was
slain in a bitter power
struggle under the
Collector of Souls bidding
to usurp the Lord of the
Abyss. She accidently fled
into a gate opened by
one of the escaping
party, and found herself
within this world. Not
knowing or trusting of
the ways of Man, she
was hungry and frightened
beyond all measures. It
took hours of coercion,
and coaxing for Rohan to
win her trust, but, she

finally agreed to accept
his help. So, as like with
Uziel, and Sam, Sasche
undertook Rohans advice,
and skill training, and
fast became a great
swordswoman. As time
wore on, she eventually
began even to laugh, and
smile, and when she did,
she emitted a beauty
that lay hidden beneath
the sorrows she carried.
Although we became close,
she was still often
distant and remorseful,
even to me. It was this
hidden sorrow that she
finally succumbed to,
after several mishaps in
dealings with others of
this world. A note she
laid on my pillow explained
most of what I had
sensed. In her time spent
with the daemons, she
grew to understand them.
Unlike humans, daemons
are deamons and are
driven by the same
forces of Darkness. So,
it was with heavy heart
and love for our kindness
that she fled to her
doom. Carefully replacing
all that had been given
to her, and moreso, she
snuck off to meet her
fate.